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SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

For women Scott's Emulsion does this and more. It is a most sustaining food and tonic for the special trials that women have to bear.

To children Scott's Emulsion gives food and strength for growth of flesh and bone and blood. For pale girls, for thin and sickly boys Scott's Emulsion is a great help.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
408 N. 5th Street, New York.
50c. per bottle, and \$1.00; all druggists.

ENEMIES WERE HIS FRIENDS

Justa Veterans Deal With an Old Union Soldier.

Mr. Moore, of Kentucky, aged 65, was convicted in the court in Sta. Ga., the other day on a charge of burglary, and the case terminated in a pathetic incident. In his statement the old man declared he had served through the war and was a veteran of the federal army, but poverty and intemperance had worked his downfall. There were several Confederate survivors on the jury, who were touched by the white-haired veteran's story, and their verdict of guilty contained a recommendation that he be punished as for a misdemeanor and that the judge grant him all the clemency possible. Capt. E. D. Smythe, postmaster, and a prominent G. A. R. member, testified to the genuineness of the old man's claim, and Mr. W. L. Gray, also a prominent Confederate veteran, fixed the date at only \$1.

Postmaster Smythe was about to sign it, but Sheriff Clark, another Confederate veteran, got ahead of him. When the fine was handed to the discharged prisoner, and the man limped out of court with tears in his eyes.

GRATEFULLY ALARMED

A Persistent Cough, but Permanently Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

H. P. Burdage, a student at law, Greenville, S. C., had been troubled for five years with a continuous cough which he says, "greatly alarmed causing me to fear that I was in the stage of consumption." Mr. Burdage, having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised, concluded to try it. He read what he says of it: "I soon had a remarkable change and after using bottles of the twenty-five cent size, I was permanently cured." Sold by Dr. G. W. Earle, Pickens, and Dr. R. F. Smith, Easley.

The Walhalla Board of trade has subscribed \$100 to a fund to purchase a South Carolina exhibit at St. Louis exhibition.

A Certain Cure for Chills.

Take into your shoes Allen's Foot-Paste, a new and reliable shoe preservative, keeps shoes cool, sweet, and free from all foot troubles.

Col. W. A. Neal on Monday the County Commissioners of the \$5,542 worth of road work machinery, to be delivered the first of July.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing the back, kidney, bladder, uric acid, rheumatism, and all other troubles of the urinary system, which is the worst of kidney trouble.

Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney or bladder trouble it will be found to be the only remedy you need. It has been tested in many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a bottle sent free by mail, also a booklet more about Swamp-Root and how to treat it if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your name, address, and the address, Birmingham, Y., on every bottle.

MURDERED ATTORNEY'S STORY.

Marcum's Own Recital of the Efforts Made Against His Life, Told Before His Tragic Death.

J. B. Marcum, an attorney of Jackson, Ky., was assassinated in the court house of that town a few days ago. The astonishing lengths to which lawlessness may be carried when murderers are permitted to hold sway, is told in the following recital of the efforts against his life told a few months ago by the man who was murdered. It will be seen that he is the third to fall by the assassin's hand in that little town. That the rule of the savage is supreme in a section of this country is shocking. The interview is taken from The Courier-Journal of Louisville.

On Nov. 14, last, Mr. Marcum visited Lexington and at that time submitted to an interview, in which he graphically described the alleged plots against his life. His story follows in full as he related it: "I will begin my story with last March, when persistent rumors stated that Dr. Cox and I were slated to be assassinated. Dr. Cox and I discussed these rumors frequently, and finally came to the conclusion that they were groundless. I went to Washington and stayed a month. While I was there Dr. Cox was assassinated.

"I was a attorney for Mose Feltner. On the night of May 30, he came to my house in Jackson and stated that he had entered into an agreement with certain officials to kill me and that his accomplices were to be three men, whom he named. He said that their plan was for him to entice me to my office that night and for him to waylay me and kill me. He said they had provided him with a shot gun and with \$35 to give me. He displayed the gun, which had never been shot, and also showed the money. I know that he did not previously have the money.

FOUR RIFLES HIDDEN.

"A few mornings later, Feltner took me to the woods nearby and showed me four Winchester rifles, concealed there, and stated that he and three companions had been leaving them there in the daytime and carrying them at night to kill me with.

"Of course, he did not intend to kill me, but by pretending that he would assassinate me, he said, these officials had guaranteed him immunity from punishment in the Fields case. And he continually led them on in this belief to secure their protection, and all the time warning me of the plans to kill me.

"On the following morning I sent my wife and little boy by way of a deep ravine 200 yards from my house, in good rifle range. This was the only place assassins could conceal themselves and kill me at my home, for by this time I had ceased visiting my office, and their only chance was to kill me at my home. It was early in the morning, and when my wife and son arrived at the ravine four men carrying guns, ran away. My son recognized two of them, but did not recognize the other two, one of whom Feltner later said was himself.

TRIED TO LEAVE JACKSON.

"Finally I decided to leave Jackson. In the early evening I went to the Arlington hotel with my wife and made arrangements to be rowed across the river to the tunnel early the next morning and board the train unobserved. Later in the night Feltner came to my room and stated that the party I had seen had told them that I was preparing to leave town, and that certain officials thereupon placed four men at the depot, two men at the tunnel and two men at the next railway station to kill me. I took his word and did not attempt to leave town. I sent the next morning for my wife and baby and carried the baby in my arms to my office and at noon from there to my home. I was later informed by Feltner that a party was waiting in an upper room of a store to kill me. He wanted to shoot me with a rifle, but others insisted that he use a shot gun, saying that Dr. Cox had been killed with a shot gun. After I passed by the gun why he did not shoot, and he answered that with a shot gun he would have killed the baby, but if they had let him have his way and been given a rifle, he would have shot me through the head without endangering the baby.

"The night previous to my decision to leave Jackson, my sister

came to me and warned me that another plan had been formed to kill me. Her informant was Mose Feltner, who was engaged until a late hour in discussing the best plan. When this meeting adjourned it was too late for him to come to my house, and so he went to my sister's house in sock feet and told her.

AGAIN WARNED.

"I was awakened at daybreak Sunday morning, June 15, by a messenger who had ridden 18 miles that night to bring me a note from a friend, who was also a friend of my enemies and was in their councils. The note stated that two men would come to town the following Tuesday morning; that court would adjourn at noon and that an attempt would be made to assassinate me in the afternoon. I knew the men mentioned had been out of town, but did not believe that court would adjourn until the following Saturday. I asked every member of the bar, and their unanimous opinion was that court would hold until Friday or Saturday, and this was the opinion of the circuit clerk. I sent my friends ahead Tuesday morning and slipped out to Day's store, near the court house, they having reported that the way was clear. I found out that the men selected to kill me had arrived in town. I went back home at 10 o'clock, for it was then getting too close to my funeral time. The court adjourned just as the clock struck 12 that Tuesday. I do not mean to cast any reflections upon the judge. I kept to my room that day.

"On another occasion I slipped away to visit my sister's house. On the way I met a sympathizer of those whose enemy I had incurred. I decided not to return and sent my two sisters and my wife ahead. They passed by a ravine on the way and there saw two men armed with guns. Later they turned out their lights and observed one man take his station in front of my house and the other; both still armed, and this time dressed as women, below my window in an adjoining garden.

A WARNING ON SUNDAY.

"Last Sunday morning a messenger came to my house at daylight. He had been sent by a neutral party who did not want me killed. He told me that two men had arrived the night before and were to have taken a front room in a house near by and from there ambush me. The next morning I observed a window raised about four inches and the curtain drawn. In which position the window and curtain have remained since. The men occupy rooms, and I suppose the front room, in that house. I have not even been on my porch since I received the message.

Mr. Joseph Pomerville, of Stillwater, Minn., after having spent over \$2,000 with the best doctors for stomach trouble without relief, was advised by his druggist, Mr. Alex. Richard, to try a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He did so, and is a well man today. If troubled with indigestion, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite or constipation, give these Tablets a trial, and you are certain to be more than pleased with the result. For sale at 25 cents per box by Dr. G. W. Earle, Pickens, and Dr. R. F. Smith, Easley.

Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock in Buckner Town near Greenville, Carrie Edwards was shot and probably seriously wounded by Frank Dial. Both parties are colored. Shortly after the shooting Dial ran from the scene of action but returned later in the afternoon, when he was arrested by Sheriff Gireath and placed in jail.

In almost every neighborhood someone has died from an attack of cholera or cholera morbus, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for these diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by Dr. G. W. Earle, Pickens, and Dr. R. F. Smith, Easley.

Morgan Shoemaker, an aged citizen of Ellore, Orangeburg county, was thrown from his buggy on Monday and killed. The horse took fright from a train.

Made Young Again.

"One of Dr. King's New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again," writes Dr. H. T. Turner of Dempscott, Pa. They're the best in the world for Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely vegetable. Never gripe. Only 25c at the Pickens Drug Co., Drug Store.

THE NOVEL AND UNIQUE IN THE PALMETTO STATE.

Incidents and Comments of More Than Common Interest as Gathered from the South Carolina Press.

That noble bird, the hen, which has been lately spoken of as a likely and worthy successor to our national eagle, is just now getting in some funny work. These items speak for themselves and for the proud work of our candidate for national honors:

"Mr. S. W. Plyler," says the Rock Hill Journal, "has something of a curiosity in the shape of an egg—not much in the shape of an egg either, but it is a couple of eggs coupled together by a short neck. The shell of each of these eggs is partly soft. While neither egg is perfectly shaped, still they are enough so to call each a separate egg."

One may readily see the increased value of this hen as soon as she can be prevailed upon to provide these two eggs separately. Its two to one she can outlay any hen in the neighborhood.

But she has not all the honors to herself. She has an artistic friend who insists on the decorative rather than the utilitarian in the refined art of egg-bearing. The Cherokee News devotes some space to the product of this friend:

"Last Saturday Mr. R. S. Moore of the Grover section showed us a novel curiosity in the shape of an egg. There was a picture of a hen with a woman sitting on her back on one side which was very plain, and it is said to grow plainer all the time. On the other side there is a picture of a chicken which is not so plain.

"Mr. Moore says they have tried to wash the picture off, but the more they washed the plainer the picture became."

A Chicago hen has laid an egg on the side of which she falls into prophecy and declares: "war 1904." So as between the seers, the artists and the anti-egg suicide faction we may indeed expect war to the hilt—of the egg-spoon.

Across the line in North Carolina the Waxhaw Enterprise has found an old piece of paper money. Money can't get so old as to lose its refreshing effect on the newspaper eye. We quote in full:

"Mr. T. W. McKibben of what is probably the oldest piece of paper money in this part of the country. It is 125 years old, having been printed in the year 1778. On one side is the following wording: 'Ten Dollars, No. —. [The number is not discernible.] State of North Carolina. This bill entitles the bearer to receive 10 Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof in gold or silver, agreeable to an act of the assembly passed at Hillsboro the 8th day of August, 1778.' Down in the lower left-hand corner is printed, 'Persecution the Ruin of Empires.' On the right-hand margin, 'Death to Counterfeiters.' The signatures cannot be deciphered. It is quite a quaint piece of money."

But the "spieler" is beginning to tell of the horticultural exhibit, which is in charge of the Johnson News. He "spiels" the wonder thus:

"This is a geranium plant belonging to the geranium species—grown and matured by the flower-skilled fingers of Mark Toney. It is certainly a floral freak. One tall stem grows out from the root with crimson flowers, and leaves like an ordinary plant; then another has the same bloom, but green leaves edged with white, while a third has the crimson bloom with leaves of pure waxen white with not a vestige of green."

This is the last number on the programme and closes the performance.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

ROB GRIFFIN, BOBO.

The Prince of American Hoboes Was in Greenville Recently.

Bob Griffin, is in Greenville taking in the sights of the city and enjoying the delightful summer breezes of this portion of the Sunny South.

Travel-stained, dirt-begrimed and wearing an old gray Confederate war coat and helmet, another relic of the conflict between the states, which he picked up at the Dallas reunion, this wanderer and inveterate nomad trudged into town bringing along with him his accustomed amount of good cheer and his time honored and truly vagabondish abhorrence of all useful and industrious employment.

Robert E. Griffin, the Prince of American Hoboes, is no stranger in Greenville. In fact, it would be difficult to find a village, town or city in this country where he is regarded as one. Wherever railroads penetrate there Bob has been. From the bleak, wind-swept coast of Maine to the ever-green hills of the Golden Gate state, and from the stony waters of the Great Lakes to the sun-kissed shores of the Mexican gulf old Bob is loved by the little children, humored by the women and put up with by the men. His aimless peregrinations have led him into every nook and corner of Uncle Sam's territory and any old place where he can hang his hat is home, sweet home, to him.

Bob is now scarcely as spry and active as he was a half century ago and for that reason he has within comparatively recent years "confined his travels chiefly to the South and more particularly to South Carolina and Georgia, along the line of the Southern Railway, from Atlanta to Charlotte, with an occasional peep into the lower section of this State.

Every now and then, however, he takes an overland leap and fetches up in some far western land, in order to renew acquaintances of old gay days, now dead and gone. When the reveille sounded for the last gathering of the wearers of the gray at the Texas town Bob was there.

He is distinctly a lover of nature, this veteran hobo, by general inclination, by heredity and by environment, and he loves to browse among the clover and the bees. Lots of times he forsakes the dust and din and roars of the perilous bumpers and cuts through the fields and meadows to commune with the birds and the flowers, and to lie down among the daffodils and the daisies. And when he is sated with the sweet breath of the earth he will rush back among his fellow tramps, that vast army of unemployed, ragged idlers and dreamers.

Upon reaching Greenville the other day, Bob stepped for a friend's house and there regaled his inner man with many tempting things. Then he took a stroll down Main street to the postoffice, calling upon a number of the merchants whom he knew and had hobnobbed with years ago.

Twenty-five years ago Griffin might have assumed the danger of landing himself in the county poor house, but this day has long since passed away. He is safe now. The police know him and the railroad men, for the most part, are disposed to feign ignorance of his presence when he crawls on a blind baggage or ensconces himself in an empty box car.

This remarkable of remarkable tramps never lets trouble trouble him; he is too much of a practical philosopher for that. He is just as high above the petty annoyances of this vain old world as a hawk on the wing. He is a charter member of the "Broke Brigade." And everyone knows that when the last string snaps and a man goes broke he turns to the woods or the sea. That's what Bob did two score of years since, and even now the woods and the waves will make way for him when he goes free. When it comes to tramps and tramping, Griffin is the choice spirit, the lord of the ascendant and the dominating genius; he is sui generis, in other words, and to be appreciated one must see him and talk to him.

Griffin's past is enshrouded in a cloak of impenetrable gloom. Tradition says that he first saw the light of day in Pickens county, but no one in Greenville can vouch for the truth of the statement. About twice a year he strikes this city on his rounds, tarries a few days and is gone. He can always count on

an appetizing hand-out at nearly any back door of the city, and he generally takes his departure hence with a full department of the interior.

But old Bob is on the downward path of life now; his long and eventful career is swiftly drawing to an end. He won't call at many more back doors or cling on to many more bumpers or count many more cross-ties before he is called upon to take his last and final journey. And when he does lie down to eternal sleep he will be sorely missed by thousands of little children from one end of the nation to the other, whom he has amused and entertained with delightful tales in wonderland. Bob Griffin, that is his name. Ask any little girl or boy about Bob Griffin, the tramp. They all know him and love him in spite of his shambling uncomely figure, his dirt and his rags.

SPAIN KELLEY WAS RESOLVED TO SLAY.

Terrible Tragedy on a Public Highway in the Country.

W. E. Crech of Bishopville was killed by Spain Kelley of Lee county on the evening of the 7th instant, on the public highway leading from Camden to Bishopville, about ten miles from the former place.

It is stated that Mr. Crech was returning from Camden, driving a buggy, Mr. Howard Singleton being with him. While going up a hill near the Lee county line they met Mr. Kelly in a two horse buggy driven by a negro boy. Kelly evidently did not recognize Crech until he was nearly past him. As soon as he did, however, he picked up a pistol lying beside him and fired three shots in rapid succession which entered Mr. Crech's back. Mr. Singleton got out of the buggy and was followed by Crech, whose horse took fright and bolted, whereupon Mr. Crech ran up the road to a buggy driven by Mr. King, which was going towards Bishopville. As Crech ran up the road Kelly, who had in the meantime gotten out, seized a double-barreled breech-loader from his buggy and aimed it at him, but Singleton stepped in front of the muzzle of the gun and Crech reached the buggy in safety and was driven off at a rapid pace.

Kelly attempted to follow them with his team, but the pursued had made such headway that he realized he could not overtake them. He thereupon unhitched one of his horses and jumping on its back, armed with his breech-loader, galloped after the buggy overtaking it after it had passed the Lee county line. Kelly fired three more shots, killing Crech.

It is rumored that this act on Mr. Kelley's part was in consequence of an irremediable wrong done by the deceased to a member of the former's family.

The latest report alleged that the sheriff of Lee county was searching for Kelley.

Mr. W. E. Crech, a North Carolinian by birth, was a partner of the Bishopville branch of Mr. Geo. T. Little's Camden livery stable. For several years previous to his departure for Bishopville the deceased was employed by Mr. Little in Camden and here bore the reputation of being a peaceful and quiet citizen.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Bishopville, May 7.—This town was shocked this morning to hear of the tragic death of W. E. Crech, who was shot to death yesterday evening by Spain Kelley.

Mr. Crech was returning from Camden in company with H. H. King and Howard Singleton. About 12 miles from this place they were met by Kelley, who was riding in a buggy, accompanied by a negro and leading another horse. As he came opposite to Crech and Singleton, who were riding together, Kelley drew his double-barreled gun from under the buggy seat and aiming his gun at Crech said: "I have been hunting you for 48 hours."

He then fired, but the negro knocked up the barrel and the load went over the top of the buggy. Crech and Singleton then jumped out and the horses ran away. Kelley fired again, the load striking Crech in the side and arm. King then caught Crech and pulled him into his buggy, driving rapidly away.

Kelly mounted the horse he was leading and rode after the retreating men. King, seeing that Kelley was fast approaching, whipped his horse into a run and this

pace was kept up for more than two miles.

Coming opposite the house of Mrs. Sallie Boykin, Crech begged King to stop as he could go no further. They drove into the yard, Kelly following. King pleaded with Kelley not to shoot again as the man was dying. Kelley rode up to the buggy and fired twice with his revolver, killing Crech instantly.

Neither Crech nor the two men with him were armed.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the deceased came to his death by means of gunshot wounds at the hands of Spain Kelley.

Kelley has not yet been apprehended as the sheriff has been absent on business for several days.

The cause of the shooting is a mystery to everybody here and no motive can be assigned for the bloody deed.

Mr. Crech was manager of the livery stable here of the firm of Crech & Little. He had made many friends since his residence here and was a highly respected young man.

HAD NOT WRONGED KELLEY.

Further information in regard to the shocking tragedy was brought to the town. He stated to a reporter of The State that the entire town is in gloom, and practically all work has been suspended and stores closed. Both of the principals in the awful affair were present in the town. It is said that with his dying breath Crech declared his innocence of any wrong toward Kelley. The body of the dead man was taken to Tennessee last night by Mr. J. B. McLaughlin, a lawyer of that place.

Young Kelley is said to be a man of quiet demeanor and well educated, having attended the grammar schools in Bath, England. His father is also a man of refinement, and was at one time the champion cricketer of England. The State's informant says that Kelley is one of the commission to adjust the debt between the county of Lee and the old counties from which it was made, and is a member of the legislature. In this connection, however, it should be stated that the member of the legislature is B. F. Kelley, while the dispatches declare that Spain Kelley killed Crech.

The escape of Mr. Howard Singleton is said to be remarkable, for he received but one slight wound in the hand. The horse which he was driving was struck by six buckshot and the buggy was sidled. Kelley is yet a fugitive from the officers of the law, but many people think that he will surrender himself.

Mr. W. D. Trantham, a leading lawyer of Camden, stated last night that he knew Crech very well. The latter was about 32 years of age, a splendid judge of horses and a man of pleasing personality. In Camden, Crech was regarded as a man of blameless life. Mr. Trantham at that time did not know which Kelley had done the shooting.—Columbia State.

"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it," says C. P. Bayder, of Patten's Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, 'Give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me.' For sale by Dr. G. W. Earle, Pickens and Dr. R. F. Smith, Easley.

MATHINOSY AND MURDER.

The Unusual Mixture Presented in a Virginia Town.

Miles Charles, indicted for the murder of his business partner, C. C. Hatch, in Buchanan county, Virginia, and confined in the county jail at Grundy, Virginia, was married behind the bars on the 7th instant to Miss Heddie Tibbets, the pretty daughter of Jos. Tibbets, for many years clerk of the county court for Buchanan. Charles was a prominent merchant when the killing occurred. He will be tried next month.

Starting Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mehocopy, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so I prescribed them. The patient gained in 14 months, and has not had an attack in 14 months. Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for Dropsy, Indigestion, Constipation and Kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at the Pickens Drug Co.

HOYT HAYES WILL BE TRIED FOR WIFE'S MURDER.

Details of the Terrible Affair Near Walhalla Which Was at First Supposed to be Suicide.

On the morning of April 26th, Mrs. Lula Hayes, wife of Hoyt Hayes, of the Return section of Oconee county, was found dead in her bed, presumably a suicide, for a note, purporting to have been written by her, was found in her room, addressed to her sister, saying she could not bear the ordeal of motherhood and that she took her own life. After her burial, the matter was looked into more closely, and the correspondent of The Columbia State at Walhalla, now gives the following version of the affair to that paper, under date of May 7th, which we publish below:

"The State has already told of the arrest of Hoyt Hayes, charged with the murder of his young wife. Further details are now obtainable. On Sunday morning, April 26, about sun up, Hoyt Hayes went to the home of a neighbor and told him that his wife had killed herself. The coroner was notified and went to the scene, but did not empanel a jury and Mrs. Hayes was buried on Sunday afternoon. On the following Friday Coroner Harbin reopened the case, empaneled a jury but did not attach any blame to any one. On Saturday last Mr. J. B. McLaughlin, the father of Mrs. Hayes, secured a warrant from Jno. E. Mason, magistrate for Centre township, and on Monday, the 4th inst., Mr. Hayes was brought to jail. Deputy Sheriff Schroeder carried Mr. Hayes down to Oakway for a preliminary hearing yesterday. Col. R. T. Jaynes, of the firm of Jaynes & Shelor was present representing the defendant and Hon. Geo. E. Prince of Anderson, was present as the State's representative. After swearing about a half dozen witnesses the magistrate sent the case up to court and the defendant was brought back to jail.

When the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes reached the home of the terrible tragedy they found Mrs. Hayes in bed dead. She was lying parallel on the bed with a single-barrel breech-loading shot gun lying parallel with her and a fir poker lying between her and the gun. Almost the entire top portion of her head was blown off. The shot penetrated her head from temple to temple and large spots of blood and brains were found on the head board of the bed to the right of where the body was lying. Glen Ferguson, colored, one of the witnesses sworn, said that he heard a gun shot at or near Hayes' house on Saturday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock. None of the evidence brought out at the preliminary was any more direct than this, but the position in which the body was found, the position of the gun, the fir poker and the range of the shot are considered strong evidence that there was foul play.

No evidence was produced to show a motive for murder. A note was found which read about as follows: "Lula, Hoyt is good to me but I prefer dying to enduring the pain and anxiety of maternity."

Mrs. Hayes was in her 21st year. She was an earnest Christian worker, always cheerful and by her sunny disposition and social qualities had many friends.

Her death has caused a great deal of excitement in the community. All families live near each other and are prominent in social, business and religious life of the community. All kinds of rumors are afloat and the July term of court will witness a most exciting case for murder.

When you want a pleasant physic try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by Dr. G. W. Earle, Pickens, and Dr. R. F. Smith, Easley.

—The case of the State against Reuben Pitts, the teacher charged with the murder of Edward Foster, his pupil, has been continued in Spartanburg because of the illness of the defendant.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure except death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles. Mrs. C. B. VanMetre of Shepherdstown, W. Va., says "I had a severe case of Bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It is infallible for Croup, Whooping Cough, Grip, Pneumonia and Consumption. Try it. It is guaranteed by The Pickens Drug Co., Druggist at the Pickens, S. C. Trial bottle free. Reg. size 50c, \$1.00.